# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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## Original Poetry.

### THE ALPINE HORN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES JACKSON.

On the Alps, just at the close of day, the shepherd who dwells highest takes down a horn, made for the purpose, and calls aloud—"Praised be the Lord." These words are repeated by the neighboring shepherds in the same manner.

'Tis Spring upon the Alps; the sunset's glare
Smiles on those snows that sleep eternal there;
The clambering ibex from on high descends,
And toward the woodland depth his footsteps bends;
While far beneath, within the verdant glen,
Swells the sweet music of the pensive Senn.
The native's horn awakes the still profound,
And slumbering peaks repeat the echoing sound,—
"Praised be the Lord!"

'Tis Summer on the Alps; the sable sky
Hides, as a robe, the day's expiring eye;
Flashes o'er all the lightning's vivid gleam,
Like the quick glances of a feverish dream,—
The thunder bursts, and echo's envious tone
Gives every cliff a thunder of its own;
But o'er the tempest, from the sounding horn,
To the dim, startled vale those words are borne,—
"Praised be the Lord!"

'Tis Autumn on the Alps; clouds, huge and pale,
Rich with their treasures of snow and hail,
Lie piled on high, still as a dead man's breath,
Like crowded spectres at a Feast of Death;
While the lamenting Storm-Fiend, far and near,
Moans in the sighing pine, the weeping fir,—
Above the roar, as darkness gathers round,
From the Senn's horn swells forth the sound,—
"Praised be the Lord!"

'Tis Winter on the Alps; above, below,
Around,—behold a wilderness of snow!
Amid the scene of desolation wide,
Lo! many a cottage has been swept aside,—
Hurl'd, as but feathers, from the mountain-path,
Downwards, before the Lauwine's lawless wrath!
Hark! by the few lone huts remaining there,
From the loud horn rings forth upon the air,—
"Praised be the Lord!"

*Nashville, August, 1849.*

## Original Novelet.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."


[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FALLEN ANGEL.

"How shall woman tell
Of woman's sin, and not with tears she fell."

"You are weeping, Rosalia; why do you weep?" asked Raymond Withers, taking the seat by her side as soon as the carriage door was closed upon them; "why do you weep so, dear Rosalia?"

"Alas!"

"And why 'alas,' Rose?"

"Hagar! Hagar!"

"And what about her?"

"She suffers so! she suffers so!"

"Does she suffer, Rosalia? can her fierce, high nature suffer *at all*, Rosalia?"

"Oh, can't you see it; can't you see it?"

"I can see she is angry and defiant; but for the rest, Rosalia, I never saw her shed a tear in my

[illegible]

## Our Picture Gallery.

RESIDENCE OF JOHN BARTRAM,

NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

BUILT WITH HIS OWN HANDS, A. D. 1730.

[illegible]

## Varieties.

[illegible]

# Original Sketches.

## MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

### PARLIAMENTARY NOTABILITIES.

An English politician frequently expends a hundred thousand dollars in securing an election to the House of Commons. No man—except in cases of unbounded popularity—spend one dollar in good to ask an election without expending a large sum of money in treats. In many cases voters are paid for their votes with gold; in the majority however, by dinners, carriage-rides and marked personal attentions. A few thousand pounds are considered absolutely necessary for a trial of one's popularity at an election, and Whigs, Tories, and Liberals, are equally culpable in upholding, by their practice, so dishonest and degrading a custom. This is a strong barrier in the way of the election of poor Liberals. Unless the candidate has money, or his friends have and are willing to produce it in his favor, his election cannot take place. Flunkeyism is not strong enough a passion to secure votes. Aristocracy and Plebeism, and those who can minister to them, however devoid of talent or principle, are pretty sure of success. This is the reason why the Commons contains so many men who are better fitted for livery stations—for have money and a position, and a sufficient amount of impudence.

Lord George Bentinck was for a couple of years previous to his death, (which occurred a few months ago,) the leader of the Protectionist party in the House of Commons. His speeches were characterized by a perverse energy not common to statesmen, and his eloquence was that kind which plants itself upon the solid foundation of Fact. Aside from his peculiar Free-Corn Law sympathies, he was reasonable, and, indeed, the model, (to a certain extent,) of a Parliamentary leader. As a man, in his private capacity, so much could not be said with a strict regard for truth. In morals, he was sadly deficient, being a pupil of the Freest French School. He was a gambler in heaven. His passion for racing and betting on race-horses was strangely powerful, and what is still more strange he was invariably, or at least frequently, successful and by betting amassed very large sums of money. In one season (now so far gone by) gambling between three and four hundred thousand dollars. It was a strange sight to see the leader of the Tories of England betting at Epsom and Derby, just like the most degraded pickey in London. England, however, has and will have "gentleman-statesmen" before he cares upon the stage.

In appearance he was tall and slim—dressed fashionably and yet never foppishly. His phrenological developments were quite good, his brow was broad and shapely, and his head in addition more than ordinary intelligence. Since his death the reins of leadership have for awhile fallen into the hands of D'Israeli. He is ill fitted for a leader—his qualities are not such as to inspire respect and obedience. His natural position is that in which he could with a good grace attack everybody. He is never inclined to make war, but is destructive—as a builder he is good for nothing. He has no depth, no clear-sighted philanthropy; but where outrage yet polished sarcasm and wit are needed, he is the man who can give. His sarcasms are generally expended against the right, but they fall harmless to the ground against such a rock; occasionally, and indeed often, he does where he ought to fire, and then his sarcasm is magnificent. We to all dreamland theorists and gaseous orators when he is present, for by a few sentences he pierces the theoretical mist-clouds and frightens them out of sight, or lights like a panther on the throat of the windy orator, inviting the attention of the House to the emptiness and hollowness unadorned. His wit is as keen as a Damascus blade, but his invective is irritating rather than repellant. He has not sufficient depth to pursue an enemy as could and did many times old Daniel O'Connell. He cannot storm an city with Daniel's thunder, making the very skies grow black about the victim's head, but he stings like a venomous insect, and the result is that his subject becomes vexed, restless, lame, but has little fear. Those who know him thoroughly may, by experience, affirm they should chance to be the subjects of his attack. He cares little what or who it is he be going to try his powers on, so long as he has a fair chance to exhibit his rare powers of wit and sarcasm. He is little respected on the floor of the House, for he lacks all symptoms of heart, and power is thoroughly concave. As a brilliant speaker, a brilliant writer, he commands a degree of attention but no love or esteem. He is Jewish in his appearance, as he is in interest. Black hair, wicked, intense black eyes, narrow yet high forehead, slim body and a medium height, a import exterior and a manly appearance, are his personal, external characteristics. He drew to the cause at a great deal of remark and as much laughter. His taste is erratic, and he consults it and none else.

Mr. Goulburn is one of the members for Oxford—the stronghold of Toryism. He is not to be rated as a speaker, but is thought by many to possess a sound judgment and careful powers of discrimination.

Sir Harry Inglis is quite distinguished for his advocacy of the silent conservatism in the House, but does not possess remarkable talents.

Lord John Russell, the Whig Premier, is, of course, by virtue of his position, one of the lions of the House of Commons. In appearance, he is quite ordinary, and, indeed, inferior. He is of small height, diminutive in size, and in arms and legs the same, has a gangrenous looking face, the features being dry, small and wrinkled, has two intelligent black eyes which sparkle brilliantly, a forced forehead, little hair and a pompous general appearance. This is not affected, but is natural; being an inferior in size and with such a limited facet, the natural manner of a large-thoughted man ill-suits his physical being. One meets—in extraordinary quantity, a perfect gentleman, in private life is pure, and is obliging in disposition. The reason why the people have him is that he has no deserted them. Years ago he rode into power by advocating the people's cause; it would astonish one who only knows him as Premier to read the speeches he has delivered, and the papers he has written in years now past. He has uttered sentiments exceedingly democratic, and in the days of the Reform Bill there is little doubt that he and his confederates contemplated, in case of failure, an appeal to the brute force of the nation. But power was his curse—he could not withstand the temptations of place and preferment, and in his prosperous day forgot the people who stood by him and supported him.

Sir Robert Peel, the shiny English statesman now alive, occupies a seat on the Government benches, and attracts the attention of more of all foreigners. The very figure and face of the great politician him to be an ordinary character. His forehead is capacious, but without brain—he is not of dignified repose and his person is tall and portly, corresponding to the proportions of his mind. He is always well-dressed, not splendidly, but with a plain richness that befits him well. When he rises to speak the whole House turns its attention to him, as if well aware that whatever he says is worthy of careful examination. He eloquence has more of simple yet powerful argument than appeals to the passions, and he puts all that he says upon the foundation of Fact. Figures are eloquence when ingeniously arranged against a false system of political economy; the most powerful simpleness, and Fact is well aware of this truth, and practises upon it. That he is a lover politician his sentence alone, but they nine change him with apparently and a timid temperament. He useless conversion to the Anti-Corn Law ranks, the Tories can never forgive. D'Israeli has shot him exactly again and again for it. Somebody has retreated him with all his acumen prosperity, and indeed, every man of the Conservative party from leader to whipper-in, has uttered his sarcasm, taunt—cry of "traitor" "traitor" for Robert has, however, outlived their sarcasms, and can sneer.

At no period of his public life has he been so generally esteemed and respected as at the present. He says little, acts little, but his few words are gathered up by the people and treasured. His sudden revulsion of mind in reference to the Corn Laws, was widened under a stronger thing, but there can be no doubt of his belief in the new principles he avowed. He had long believed them true, but lacked the courage to avow them until "the pressure from without" became too great to bear, and he suddenly shrieked into the ranks of freedom. His accession to the ranks of the Free Trade Reformers, sent a thrill of joy over England; for the fame of the Lords which would not cheap bread from the mouths of starving millions, was from last moment sealed.

# THE EMPTY HOUSE.

"The house to let"—on the pictured wall,
I went among its row
Of worn deal, of brick, or comfortless,
To visit the rooms could be

The letter was a pleasant little room
The chambers snug and light,
The kitchen was quite neat and cheerful, too.
Although almost empty.

My mind was somewhat in a thoughtful mood,
So, sighing deeply,
I sat me down in mournful solitude,
Upon the silent floor.

How many, many scenes of life, thought I,
This fireside reveals!
Joy's ringing laugh and sorrow's smothered moan,
Have echoed from these walls.

Here, in the parlor, jovial friends have met,
On social night's return;
Ripe ale has foamed, and the old crazy grate
Sent forth a cheerful light.

Here stood the sofa, whereupon has wooed
Some young and loving pair!
Here hung the clock that timed the last curse,
And kiss upon the stair!

These chambers might relate a varied tale,
Could they but speak
Of wretched slumber, and of wakeful pain—
The ball—the festive board.

Some crusty bachelor has been perhaps,
Crept grumbling here to rest,
Some frowned Cimbo desperately sought
To hide his aching head

Some wealthy girl has perched the chevron
Too pure for vulgar view
Some bride has tasted here the cream of love—
And curtain lectures, too.

The little cradle has seen the toil
Of some poor mother's care,
Has seen her watch, and pray, and toil,
And know no earthly rest.

Or else some well-paid preacher has wrought out
His hundredth paraphrase;
Or some old bookworm (rumor) found no lump, to read
The tale of other days.

And what are they in whom this was a home?
How wide are they dispersed?
Who gathered here around the social board,
And slept by night?

How many distant memories have turned
To this old dwelling,
Recalling scenes and revering joys
That cannot be forgot!

Young lovers' plighted vows have hovered in dying sigh,
Warm angry words were spoke;
Domestic treaties they may have engaged
And tender hearts have broke.

Persistence some mother as she passes by,
May with a sigh regret
Upon the scene of misery a happy hour,
The scene of her young days.

And what are they who next will fill this void
With their busy life?
Will this become a house of happy peace,
Or sad misfortune's home?

In sober thought, I left the silent house,
And gladly sought my own;
And when I passed it next, I gazed upon the door
I saw the name of Brown.

*Boston Atlas.*

### DISCOVERIES IN ELECTRICITY.

Mr. Henry M. Payne, of Worcester, Mass., thus writes to the Scientific American:—

"I have made a discovery in electricity shall stand undisputed, and that is the *condemning of the Electric Fluid*. I claim the knowledge of condemning the Electric Fluid as we do the atmosphere or the gases—the freezing and accumulation of it in a receiver; I call the receiver "Leyden Jar" and gladly sought my own.

"The great object of my discovery is not for the ground on every page of history, and absorbed by the ancient nations, but it is a discovery of modern invention may pass unnoticed. But let Science remember that I have made it, and that I am the first man on record on the face of the earth, that has ever condemned the electric fluid, and that I will hold his name, and that time shall not be able to obliterate it. Let Science remember and Chemistry. Will grant pardon and forgiveness.

"In connection the above discovery I assert the only transgressors—and we trust they will take warning and desist from their folly—are the Telegraph companies, who are perhaps even more averse to it than large sums. Now, France contains a very large number of small lines of telegraph, and the aggregate of the same, which is

# United States SATURDAY POST.

**Philadelphia:**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.


## THE SHADOW POLICE.

The New York correspondent of the Inquirer of this city, of the last date, has given us, in the subjoin a feature of the New York police system:—

Did your readers ever hear of that department of our city police called the Shadow System? I suppose not; no PD employed in the Chief of Police has in his employ a number of trust-worthy men, who are acquainted with all the rogues, pickpockets and burglars in the country, of foreign as well as domestic growth. Their province is to watch every disembarkal and railroad arrival, and in case any of those gentry make their appearance they are to follow and dog them, wherever they go, and to report progress two or three times a day to Mr. Matsell. One of the most skilful burglars in the United States, who is his day has picked any quantity of locks, but I believe has confessed to no more in that way, arrived here a few days ago, from a neighboring city, in company with his wife, a couple of dogs, a pistol and well known member of the bar. As soon as they were reported by the shadows to the police, tracked wherever they went, and the limb of the law being looked upon as a *pal* of the burglar, was accordingly watched as close as the latter.

Soon after his arrival he got shaved, the shadow followed him into the barber's shop. He and he are a friend; the shadow waited outside. He went to a restaurant to dine, in company with some friends; the shadow took another table. He walked about town for a mile or so; the shadow was close at his heels. He went to bed, and the shadow was in the next seat to him. He went to his hotel and read the papers; the shadow was at his elbow reading too. He registered his name at the hotel; the shadow looked over his shoulder. He went to bed; the shadow registered the number of his room.

In this way he was harassed and dogged for three days, at the end of which time he thought he would call on the Chief of Police, by reference to the business of his client, and he and behold the shadow was there, too. As soon as he made himself known, of course, the shadow was withdrawn, but Mr. Matsell told him that he could not tell a story thing which he had done since he came to the city—what he had eaten, the description of a meal he took at dinner—where he visited—at how many times, and the general movements from morning till night. The best of the joke is that Mr. Matsell's learned directness did his arrest the next day, and he would have been brought a prisoner in his office as sure as fate, if he had not called there.

Such is the shadow police in New York. Comment is unnecessary. The system is a good one for this, founded to the Chief of Police, and beyond all doubt to insure protection to life and property, promising everything. The result of this system in New York is, that no criminal can escape from the people, and they manage to give it a wide berth. It may be added, that after a little explanation, the legal gentleman and the Chief parted with a hearty laugh over the matter. The reason the shadows are brought to bear in Broadway, as well as close to a suspicious character as his own shadow is still.

MRS. FELTON'S PROTESTATION.—The full statement of the action of the Supreme Court, upon the appeal of a member who had been suspended by the Presbytery of the Church of Lexington to the Order of Odd Fellows, puts rather a dubious aspect upon the case through report. The decision was as follows:—

1st. That the appeal be sustained, inasmuch as the court could not find sufficient evidence to sustain the libel, that the mere fact of holding membership in the Order of Odd Fellows was not in itself a just ground for the exclusion from the Church of Christ.

2d. That, in sustaining this appeal, the Synod is not to be understood as approving of the Order of Odd Fellows, or of any other of the kind in Societies." On the contrary, it is the deliberate opinion of this body, as it now is of the former of these associations, which are not in accordance with the Gospel, and which consequently are offensive to God. Christians, and especially those of the Church, and tend to impair the Christian influence of such professors. And we do advise all of the Church connected with them, should prayerfully and deliberately consider their whole subject and separate themselves from them."

FROM THE SALT LAKE.—News has been received from Salt Lake, to the 10th of September. It is stated that the crops are very fine, and that in consequence of the grass having been burnt by emigrants, the grounded there to oats for Cattle.

The Rifle Regiment had reached Fort Hall. Cattle and horses were plenty.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week or this city was 176—adults 115; children 61.

## Miscellaneous.

### HOW TO SUBDUE A VICIOUS HORSE.

The following fact, says the Commercial Advertiser of New York, is worthy of notice, as it shows how a high spirited horse would never submit to be put in harness, or allow any person to handle his feet, without a most severe exercise of power and means to control him. A carriage has been ordered from Paris for the use of the Duchess de ——, which was afterwards thrown down and broken to pieces in the street, and the horse and second horse-shoer was unable to manage him by himself, or to shoe him. Several persons tried, and at last attempt to shoe the horse yesterday, he resisted all efforts, kicked aside everything but an anvil, and was kicking himself to pieces with it, and finally was brought back to his stable unshod. This is a fact, and shows that the horse is not to be a gentle and perfectly docile, especially in harness. But this shoer was not on the eve of consenting him to be shod, and he was led into the hatchet, when, by more accident, an officer of the police returned from the country, and, on passing, and being more acquainted with the full calls, applied a complete remedy in the following manner:—He took a cord about the size of a common bedcord, put it in the mouth of the horse, ran a loop and tied it tightly on the earth, the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, and pulled it tight, and then passed it over the ear down and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the neck for a few minutes, and commenced his toilette, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued and as gentle as a lamb, and he was shod. The gentleman has since been known frequently to have recourse to it, and finds it a most effectual remedy. The gentleman has succeeded in thoroughly subduing many horses, and especially the thanks of those whose interests it may be to shoe or groom the animals.

CONSUMPTION OF COTTON AND CAPTAIN GREEN IN THE PENNSYLVANIA.—The following statistics from Commercial Bulletin writes as follows, in a recent letter:

The present consumption of cotton in the United States is estimated at 350,000 bales per annum, which in round bales the average weight of which is 400 lbs is by no means a correct estimate of the whole amount consumed, for it includes only that portion of the crop which, having passed into the port, is embarked in the statistics of the crop, and does not include that may be consumed in the interior, and which has never been sent to a seaport market. Travel in the cotton districts, and the facility cotton mills in the south of Mason and Dixon's line, and little or no portion of the cotton consumed in the states ever reaches the market or statistics of the crop, and is not included in the quantity sent to be consumed in the North and West. Then there is a vast quantity of cotton that is constantly wrought into yarn, and manufactured into, and from the Tennessee and Cumberland, but the supply of the mills in Indiana, Ohio, Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, which are in above points and sources of consumption, there are probably at least 100,000 bales more annually consuming in all not less than 450,000 bales annually worked up at home. In former years the consumption of cotton in New England was about 250,000 bales while Americus and two-fifths India, Brazil, Egyptian, and foreign cotton. The proportion now at the latter is now less.

The whole quantity of cotton goods made in the United States is estimated at 350,000,000 of yards, of which about 80,000,000 yards are exported, leaving 270,000,000 yards for consumption, equal to about thirty-two yards for every inhabitant, great and small. The number of the population dependent on this consumption, may be safely estimated at one million annually, the next ten years, which will require 35,000,000 of yards of cotton goods additional every year. Estimating the average weight of these goods of four ounces, or a quarter of a pound per yard, it will require 8,000,000 of pounds of cotton, equal to 20,000 bales, of 400 pounds each, to supply this increased annual demand. One quarter will furnish about three hundred yards of cotton goods, so that it will require nearly 110,000 spindles to be set in motion every year to furnish this increased demand for the annual accession to our population.

## General News.

MADDOX'S ARCH LETTER.—MADDOX says Rome was without a sovereign, the Pope had fled to Gaeta—his commission refused to act,—the deputies have entrenched his return were repulsed.—The Constituent Assembly was elected by universal suffrage,—out of sixty-four members, eleven only declared against the proclamation of the Republic as usurpation—five voted against the abolition of temporal power, and only two of the whole were foreigners, and therefore, one of them, had set out for Rome, to that country. Parma was the only foreigner—for Maximo himself, Sabbatini, Cernuschi and others were elected 113 other wards. Nor was there, through all the extent of the Roman territory, a single attempt at resistance. A very much of Gennari's single exception in favor of the fallen power. The whole force of foreigners who assisted in the defence of Rome was 1,400, out of 14,000; let it be, says, well that Italy should know that 14,000 men, with Garibaldi at their head, overthrew, and imprisoned under the very fire of the enemy, held in check for nearly three months 30,000 French soldiers!

Only six letters, and quoted 2hdlfs for Northern.

In Dublin 1,500 baskets potted and 60 tubs, and 1,500 good four roasted at 80.

The Cotton Trade is stagnated for Liverpool at 6d to London from 1-16 to 1-8d, and to Hull 1-8d, Glasgow 1-8d, Cotton at 2-16, and Cotton for Havre at 1-8, and Cotton Hose for Hamburg at 1-8d.

Provisions.—The market is firm, with good demand for Beef and Pork, and Lard is in fair request at former rates.

Tallow.—Sales of 7,000 lbs at 8c for Philadelphia Shipping Quality of 7,000 lbs at 8c for Baltimore for home consumption.

The market is easier to move, and 30 bales changed hands at 8c.

The demand for Pork is moderate, and market easier.—Sugar cured Hams, 9@10c.—Sprouts of 9@10c.—Lard, and 9@10c for prime, including 600 new mess for February at 8@8½c.

### ALMANAC.

| Oct. | H.W. | M.W. | Moon's Phases |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wednesday, | 6 54 | 7 5 | 4 41 |
| Thursday, | 7 31 | 7 42 | 5 18 |
| Friday, | 8 10 | 8 21 | 5 57 |
| Saturday, | 8 50 | 9 1 | 6 37 |
| Sunday, | 9 32 | 9 43 | 7 19 |
| Monday, | 10 16 | 10 27 | 8 3 |
| Tuesday, | 11 3 | 11 14 | 8 50 |
| Wednesday, | 11 52 | 12 3 | 9 38 |
| Thursday, | 0 16 | 0 39 | 10 28 |
| Friday, | 1 4 | 1 27 | 11 19 |
| Saturday, | 1 52 | 2 15 | 12 11 |

### STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

| | 7 A.M. | 2 P.M. | 9 P.M. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oct. 27, | 52 | 56 | 54 |
| 28, | 50 | 56 | 52 |
| 29, | 50 | 56 | 52 |
| 30, | 50 | 56 | 52 |
| 31, | 50 | 56 | 52 |
| Nov. 1, | 50 | 56 | 52 |
| 2, | 50 | 56 | 52 |


## Original Essay.

### HARMONIES OF NATURE.

NO. XIII.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

*Augure d'hui n'as pas menti*
*Faites le bien, vous aurez raison.*
*Tout vous annonce à bon augure;*
*Et qui prédit le mal ment.*

The ear, which is to be the subject of the remarks that I am about to offer, is the organ of hearing, of as the only principle, and even as the Creator has made the eye, the ear, the voice, the organ of speech, and is known only by the life which He has given to the whole of the human race.

The ear is the vehicle of sound; it conveys to us the voice of a cherished friend, and transmits to the understanding that which it is addressed. The nature of sound does not resemble that of perception, which is the result of the eye. Light must strike a ball, it loses nothing of its substance, and the ball is rendered visible to the eye. But in the air, by the vocal organs, the impulse there is an essential trait by a petit jury.

THE CUSTOMS ARRAIGN.—It was recently stated by several papers in Maine, that the members, elect to Congress from that State, were not duly elected, leaving the door body of more than one person to his oath, fragrantly disfigured. The Bangor Whig and Courier has noticed the matter by publishing sundry depositions of persons who know the facts, and the result of these is, to deprive three of an important trust

## Selected Poetry.

FROM THE YANKEE BLADE.

### HELEN BURNS.

BY J. W. F.

"'Don't leave me, Jane. I like to have you near me.'

"'I'll stay with you, dear Helen, no one shall take me away.'

"'Are you warm, darling?'

"'Yes.'

"'Good-night, Jane.'

"'Good-night, Helen.' She kissed me, and I her, and we both soon slumbered. * * * * A day or two afterwards I learned that Miss Temple, on returning to her own room at dawn, had found me laid in the little crib, my face against Helen Burns' shoulder, and my arms round her neck. I was asleep, and Helen was—dead."—*Jane Eyre.*

Lonely in the darkened chamber,
Burned the taper dim and low,
Drearily the hours flitted,
Like a silent river's flow;
And while stillness, like a mantle,
Hung that little chamber o'er,
Life with all its rosy tinting
Seemed to fade forevermore.

There a little girl was lying
On her weary couch of pain,
Gazing on familiar objects,
She would never see again—
She was like the ones we dream of,
Type of every kindliest grace;
And a beauty like the heavens
Beamed upon her childish face.

There she lay, and never murmured,
Never wept and never sighed,—
While her life sands slowly trickled,
Ebbing like the ebbing tide.
But a smile of loveliest beauty
Lighted up her pallid face—
As she listened to the voices
Calling from the realms of space;

Calling her to come from trouble,
Break from all her cares away,
[illegible]

## Biographical Sketch.

### THE YOUTH OF TALLEYRAND.

[illegible]

... to his brother to announce what he had done; and on arriving in Paris, he learned that the Count de Talleyrand was with the army in Flanders, and that the Countess was in attendance on the Queen at Versailles. However, she had provided a person to take charge of her son, and placed him in the college of Louis-le-Grand. The Captain had intended to take him on board his vessel—the St. Joseph—and bring him up to the naval profession; but his lameness rendering this impracticable, the kind sailor took leave of his poor deserted little nephew, and set out for Toulon. A few months afterwards his vessel was shipwrecked, and he and all his crew perished. Had Charles-Maurice been a fine stout boy, his history would have terminated here; but Providence reserved the poor lame child for an illustrious destiny.

At college, the boy distinguished himself by his talents and application, carrying off the first prizes, and rising rapidly towards the upper classes. Yet his life was but a sad one; few indulgences, and no vacations passed at home, fell to his lot. His mother rarely visited him, and when she did, she came accompanied by a celebrated surgeon, who examined his lame leg, bandaged it tightly, dragged it, cauterised the nerve, and put the child to such torture, that he dreaded nothing so much as a summons to the parlor to meet his mother.

Years passed on: his father died, and Charles-Maurice found himself Count de Talleyrand, and head of that branch of his family. His brother Archambauld had left the abode of Nurse Rigaut with better fortune than himself; for he had escaped accidents, and his limbs were straight and well-formed. On the day that Charles-Maurice had successfully completed his studies at the college of Louis-le-Grand, a pale, stern-looking man, wearing a cassock, summoned him from amongst his comrades, and commanded him to follow him to the clerical seminary of St. Sulpice. The sentence was without appeal. He learned from the superior that his family had decided to deprive him of his birthright, and transfer it to his younger brother.

"And wherefore?" asked the youth.

"Because *he* is not a cripple," was the cruel reply.

The words entered like iron into the victim's soul; they changed his very nature, and made the [illegible]

## Wit and Humor.

### A PERJURED HUSBAND.

A TALE IN THE MAGAZINE STYLE.

BY JOE MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Dear me, Arabella, did you hear that Augustus Snooks was introduced to Julia Suiggers last evening, at Mrs. Fitz Faddle's party?

La me, you don't say?

Emily Pumpkin was telling me; she says that old Smashpipes, whom you know is as blind as a bat, intended to introduce young Julius Numbskull, and mistook Augustus for Julius, and introduced him to the handsome Julia, as his friend Numbscull. Happy to have the honor of your acquaintance, Miss, said Augustus. My friend Smashpipes had made a mistake, however; my name is Snooks.

Indeed? what will Angeline Simpkins think when she hears it?

I guess she won't like it—very singular introduction, wasn't it?

Very!

CHAPTER II.

THE COURTSHIP.

[illegible]

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

### I SAID, THOUGH ALL THE WORLD BESIDE.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

I said—though all the world beside
Should fail me—"he is true!"
Yet fate that only hope denied,
And thou hast left me too?

I said—if ever beat on earth
A heart where honor shone—
The home of light and generous worth,
That true heart was thine own!

When wildest was my soul's despair,
When deepest was my need
Of tenderness, and truth and care—
Beneath me—broke the reed!

As darker wrong than others could,
Thy falsehood brought to me;
All faith—all hope in human good,
My idol! fled with thee!

Common Errors.—It is very common to hear in certain circles, of the expression, "I don't know nothing about it;" and our readers will be surprised when we tell them that Shakspeare and Chaucer are both authorities for the barbarism; indeed, that an old proclamation of Henry V. for the apprehension of Sir John Oldcastle, has this sentiment: "Be it knowne as Sire John Oldcastell refuses, *nor* will *not* receave *nor* one to have *none* of the graces," &c. The authority of Chaucer is as follows:

"So lowly, *ne* so truly you serve,
*Ne* will *none* of them as I."

Again, Shakspeare in *Romeo and Juliet* says:

——"a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st *not*, *nor* I look'd *not* for."

While fifty other instances of the same kind from his various plays might be offered. Other common outrages upon the President's (not Kings'), we abominate the name of king, being a true republican) English, may be justified by old authors; thus, *worser* is found in Shakspeare, *lesser* in Addison, and *most basest* in Sir Thomas More. *As* instead of *as*, too, is justified by a letter from Margaret, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, to [illegible]

## Freaks of Nature.

### NATURE'S ICE-CAVES.

[illegible]

... the period when he visited them, the external shade-heat was 63 degrees, that of the grottoes 45 degrees, and in a severely hot summer they were colder still. Other caves are mentioned in a freestone hill, upon which the town of St. Marin is built, where the same violent contrasts existed between the temperature of the external and internal atmospheres. Evelyn mentions, in his account of his tour in Italy, being shown as a wonder in one of the palaces which he visited, a hole, out of which issued a strong current of cold air, sufficiently powerful to buoy up a copper ball. Saussure states that in a private house near Terni, in the Papal States, there is a cellar of no great depth, out of which an impetuous, sharp, cold wind issues. Numerous natural refrigeratories are commemorated by the same philosopher; among the most curious were some which he found at the foot of a steep mountain near Mount Pilatus, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne.—These places were simply small wooden huts, on three sides formed of timber, but the back wall was built against the talus, or heap of fragments and rubbish at the foot of the rock, and was formed, in a loose manner, of dry stones. When these huts were visited by the traveller, it being the 31st of July, the thermometer marked 73 degrees in the shade, in the huts it was as low as 39 degrees, or seven degrees above the freezing-point; and all that separated these remote degrees of temperature was a few planks of wood! The proprietors of these places mentioned several curious facts in illustration of their utility. Milk, they said, could easily be kept sweet and fresh, in the heats of summer, for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries from one season to another! In winter, curious enough it is to notice that outside water will be frozen for some time before it is so within. Saussure adds, that the "proprietors of the caves unanimously affirmed that the hotter the summer was, the greater was the strength of the cold current which issued from them." In the winter a sensible current of air sets *into* them. In the South of France is another famous natural ice-cave—that of Fondereule. M. Hericart de Thury has given an interesting account of a visit to it. This cave is situated in a wild and romantic region, where some long bygone convulsion of the earth has rent asunder the solid rocks, and [illegible]

... schel undertook the solution of the problem. An elaborate letter of his soon appeared, in which he attempted to show that the cold of the cave was explicable on climatological grounds solely, and in which much was said about waves of heat and cold, so as to give a very scientific air to the explanation. But on similar grounds we might expect every natural cavern similarly situated to be a freezing cave; which is not the case.

Saussure long ago gave the clue to the real exposition of this paradoxical phenomenon; and Professor Pictet, following it out, has satisfactorily demonstrated that it is a beautiful example of a practical illustration in nature of that first principle in chemistry—*evaporation produces cold.* It is well known to the geological student, that in certain mines which have a horizontal gallery terminating in a vertical shaft communicating with the atmosphere, a current of air in *summer* descends the vertical shaft, and *emerges* from the horizontal; while in winter the current *sets in* at the horizontal, and issues from the vertical shaft. Now, in almost every instance quoted, the arrangement of these caves has been precisely similar: they are placed at the bottom of a hill perforated by various rents and chasms. Thus the cave is the horizontal, and the vertical shaft lies in the mass of the hill. Suppose, then, the mean temperature of the hill to be about forty-eight or fifty degrees. The descending summer current passing through the channels in the hill evaporates the water it meets within its progress, and so rapidly, as to become colder in its descent; until, reaching the cave, it is even below thirty-two degrees, and there freezes the water collected in it. The hotter the air outside, the greater the destruction of equilibrium between the interior and exterior columns, which communicate at their base in the cave; consequently, the more rapid and intense the evaporation, and the more severe the measure of cold produced. Every postulate is satisfactorily answered upon this hypothesis; and while no doubt occasionally the ice found in some caves may be part of a glacier, or the remains of last winter's product, yet the phenomenon which we would include under the term Nature's Ice-Caves, is explicable solely upon this simple and beautiful law. "This view," says Sir R. Murchison in a postscript to his previous account, "is [illegible]

### LONGFELLOW.

In one of her letters to the National Era, Grace Greenwood has the following mention of Mr. Longfellow, whom she encountered at Ticknor's publishing office. She says:

Aside from mere curiosity, of which I suppose I have my woman's share, I have always wished to look on the flesh and blood embodiment of that rare genius, of that mind stored with the wealth of many literatures, the lore of many lands, for in Longfellow it is the scholar as well as the poet whom we reverence. The first glance satisfied me of one happy circumstance—that the life and health which throbbed and glowed through the poet's verse had their natural correspondences in the physical. He appears perfectly healthful and vigorous—is rather English in person. His head is simply full, well rounded and even, not severe or massive in character. The first glance of his genial eyes, which seem to have gathered up sunshine through all the summers they have known, and the first tones of his cordial voice, show one that he has not impoverished his own nature in so generously endowing the creations of his genius—has he not drained his heart of the wine of life to fill high the beaker of his song.

Mr. Longfellow does not look poetical, as Keats looked poetical, perhaps, but what is better, looks *well*, for, after all, health is the best, most happy and glorious thing in the world. On *my* Parnassus there should be no half-demented, long-haired bards, lean and pale, subject to sudden attacks of poetic frenzy—sitting on damp clouds, and harping to the winds; but they should be a hearty, manly, vigorous set of *inspired gentlemen*, erect and broad-chested, with features more on the robust than the romantic style—writing in snug studies, or fine, large libraries surrounded by beauty, elegance and comfort—receiving inspiration quietly and at regular hours, after a hot breakfast, the morning paper, and a cigar—given to hospitality and great dinners—driving their own bays, and treating their excellent wives to a box at the opera, a season at Newport, a trip to the Falls, or a winter in Rome.

The comforts of life have been long enough monopolized by thrifty tradesmen—"men in the coal and cattle line"—and good living by bishops [illegible]

## Selected Articles.

### TOLERATION.

[illegible]

... ly diminishing. The former, at a previous date, increased at the rate of 1.30, the latter very nearly 1 per cent. It appears, however, that notwithstanding the fact, the population of London is better lodged than that of Paris, Rouen or Lisle. According to the report of the Board of Health, 1,000,000 of persons are crowded in Paris into little more than 30,000 houses, being at the rate of 35 to a house; while in London 2,000,000 of people have 280,000 houses, or about seven to a house.

## Agricultural.

### WIRE FENCES.—GROWING THORNS FOR HEDGES.

Messrs. Editors:—I see in the August number of the Genesee Farmer a communication of F. R. Miller, of Pa., recommending the setting of trees for the support of Wire Fences. I have had a similar idea, and would suggest, for that purpose, the use of the Chesnut, as the wire will not corrode within that tree; and it may be continued through the whole line of the fence, by merely boring a hole of the requisite size through the trees successively. Whether Chesnut posts will answer the same purpose I am not certain, as I do [illegible]

### HOW TO MAKE WINE.

[illegible]

### BRING THE CONSUMER NEAR THE PRODUCER.

"The expenditure of ten millions of dollars in placing the consumer of food by the producer of cotton and food, would double the power of the South."—*Cary's "Past, Present and Future."*

Ten millions of dollars invested in cotton mills on the Lower Ohio, where coal and food are cheap, would result in the immediate increase of the home cotton market of at least eighty millions of pounds, or 200,000 bales, and would make a new home market for food of at least half a million of dollars a year.

This would be but the beginning of the process of home concentration of capital and population for manufacturing purposes. In a few years the ten millions thus employed would be doubled, and probably quadrupled. It would be here as it has been in England, in Belgium, and in New England; the manufacturers, here as there, would accumulate with rapidity, and lands and the products of lands would, here as there, rapidly appreciate.

Let the farmers remember that, when the market is far away, they or their factors must send the surplus produce to the market, and that, when the market is near, the consumer or his factor will come to their doors to purchase.

Good land near Lowell is worth two to five hundred dollars the acre; near Manchester the price is still greater; and its average value in the manufacturing section of Belgium is about three hundred dollars an acre.

The Middlesex farmer sells his beef at from twelve to sixteen cents a pound, and his potatoes at eighty or ninety cents a bushel. Shall our farmers be content to send their beeves to the Brighton market and pay out two-thirds of the proceeds of their sales in the expense of driving their beeves to Brighton?

The wife of the Middlesex farmer can exchange a pair of chickens, and at her own door, for eight yards of sheetings, while the wife of the Wabash farmer has to take her chickens to the nearest town, and gets for them only two yards of sheetings.

The Lowell manufacturer makes large profits, [illegible]

## The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

### CHARADE.

[illegible]

### GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

[illegible]

### CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

## The Olio.

### IMPORTANT VERDICT.

In our report of yesterday's proceedings in the Superior Court, will be found the decision of the case of Milbank vs. Dennistoun & Co. The suit was to recover from a house in Liverpool $10,000 as damages arising from disobedience or neglect of instruction and want of care on the part of a commission merchant, entrusted with the disposal of 5,000 barrels of flour shipped from this city. It seems the flour was sold earlier than the directions suggested, at 21 shillings per barrel, when, had it been kept about three weeks longer, it would have brought 29 shillings. The transaction was about the time the British Parliament made a reduction in the corn duties, and the plaintiff's request was to store the flour until the reduction of duty should have its anticipated effect. Judge Sandford explained that the only question for the jury was, whether the plaintiff had properly sustained his plea, thus intimating that, as a point of law, the matter was perfectly clear. The jury considered that the complaint was well sustained, and returned a verdict for $11,136 37.

This case seems to decide that a factor is in no sense the owner of consigned goods, and cannot dispose of them on his own judgment without incurring the responsibility of making good losses that may occur by a sudden rise in the market value of the commodity—that to insure a commission merchant from such liability, he must have a special contract with his principal, which can be made to appear in evidence as his authority in the matter. Considering the immense amount of business done through the hands of these universal agents, this decision has a mercantile importance of no ordinary degree.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### DOMESTIC TELEGRAPH.

The extraordinary despatch of railways and electric telegraphs seems to have given an impetus to the national character of economising time in an infinite variety of ways never even dreamt [illegible]

## Advertisements.


DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE [illegible]

WINDOW SHADES. [illegible]

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. [illegible]